

keeping things

i am keeping things
where they don't belong
its more
i leave them to be there
i don't remove them
i leave the 3 bay leaves you used for that dish i love
i keep them in the sink after i licked the empty pen to get out all the rest of the sauce, all the rest
of what makes me think of yesterday
when i wash it the bay leaves remain in the sink
clean, untouched almost
i like to keep them there in the sink dancing with the water pouring down on them, all shiny and
wet as if they hadn't been used as if they hadn't lost all their essence

i am keeping my sister's cat's hair on my white cotton sweater
his adolescent first black spring hair that he has to lose regardless of whether he can witness the
seasons from inside that apartment
i watch him watching
watch him gazing out the window to the yard motionless

my sister has to wash the sheets a lot since he loses all these hair
they sit on my white sweater
its hard to own a white sweater if one still recalls the ideal of cleanliness as taught as child

i keep the hair of the cat like i said
sitting at the airport i watch them crowding my sweater.

i am not hoarding i am rather not collecting

maybe i like to watch things do stuff
move, alter, fade
maybe i like that i did not decide upon them, executed no power
made no decision

i need to keep some things where they end up without my conscious doing
they end up and i find them
so i keep them
for no clear duration

i am keeping the paprika-and-oil-film on my phone
for over a week
whenever i touch it even a week later
my finger tips turn lightly orange
touching my white sweater
already so populated with black cat hair
i leave near invisible orange stains
each stain is a trace though

i cannot wipe that paprika oil off of my display easily

eventually the effect wore off

my phone just fell in the sanitary basket at the toilet at the airport
i had precariously placed it on the plastic lid near to the opening
i thought: since the surface is flat
only extreme exterior tremor like an earthquake could move it

i was wrong
a message made it tremble
a message so much less like an earthquake
i wish for a poetic relation between that message's singular gravity
and that then-to-be meaningful mobile phone slip
there was no such correlation
and also, i just picked it up
out of the dry paper towel nest
nothing much really

i fantasize about having scarlet fever,
because a diagnose always soothes me.
i wonder if i am keeping the virus because it attaches me to home?

both viruses really,
the one on my laptop
the one that makes me take the stairs slowly

i want to be home, that is, not moving
i am keeping that virus since it is my way to feel
obey your body. i just read it.

Recently i sometimes keep the kiwi, apple or pear juice
on my hands after eating
That sticky wholly unpleasant feeling
gluing together fingers in the most uncomfortable way

i keep it
because i like to keep it
and watch it naturally fade
i leave it on my sweaters worn out cuffs,
on my face scratching my cheeks and eyes,
i leave it on the countless handles